



# *Anatomy of Atheisme :*

A

# P O E M.

By the Author of  
*The Duties of the Closet.*

*A verse may find him who a Sermon flies,  
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

*Herbert's Poems.*

**The Second Edition, Revis'd.**

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To the Honourable  
Sir *GEORGE DARCY*, Bar.

*Dear Sir,*

**T**HE great desire I have to see you happy both here and hereafter, engageth me to do all that is in my power for the promotion both of your Spiritual and Temporal Interest. It has pleased God to give you a fair Portion of Worldly Goods, and a very large share of Intellectual Endowments, whereby you are put into a Capacity of providing for your self both in this World and that which is to come. Your only care therefore must be to employ these good Gifts of God to his Glory, and the Salvation of your own Immortal Soul.

'Tis Religion only, Dear Sir, which can carry you safe through this Valley of Tears, and can at last advance you into that place where all Tears shall be wip'd from your Eyes. 'Tis this alone which will make you the love of Men and Angels, nay, and what is infinitely more valuable, of God himself. In fine, it is this alone which can make this present Life easie and pleasant,

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

sant, and secure you from Eternal Misery in a Life after this.

Let Religion therefore, Dear Sir, be your first and early care, that so you may be wise betimes, and avoid those Follies which too commonly attend the young Gentlemen of this Age. You are just now entring upon that vast Stage the World, you have Good and Evil set before you, and the Eyes of all Men are upon you, to see what manner of Choice you will make. Your present and future Happiness is at stake, and therefore it highly concerns you to make such a Choice as you may never hereafter have cause to repent of.

You have had the advantage of a Sober and Religious Education from your very Cradle, and the Examples of as good Parents as ever any Child was blest with. Your Deceas'd Father, whose Memory will live as long as Piety and Vertue are Sacred here on Earth, was an admirable Pattern of unblemish'd Goodness: And your Excellent Mother is still, God be thanked, a Living Pattern of all that is Vertuous and Praise-worthy.

What then will you be able to say for your self, if you degenerate from such Worthy Progenitors? What excuses will you be able to make even to this World, if you deceive their expectations by becoming the Unworthy Son of Two such Incomparable Parents? But, alas!

There

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

There is still a Question which is infinitely more weighty, and that is, What will you be able to plead for your self at the great Day of Judgment, if you have behav'd your self so wickedly here, that even your Father and Mother must rise up and condemn you?

But I am perswaded better things of you, and cannot give my self leave to think you will ever be a Disgrace to your Worthy Family. You have hitherto given us great hopes of seeing your Father again alive in you. I beseech God of his Infinite Mercy to preserve you in all Virtue and Goodness, and to make you a Great and Glorious Instrument of doing good here on Earth.

Having told you that Religion is the greatest wisdom, or, as the wise Man speaks, the beginning of wisdom, I must now tell you that the beginning of all Religion is the acknowledgment of God, the owning of a Supreme Power who made us and every thing that has been made from the beginning of the World out of nothing.

This great and fundamental Truth must be necessarily well establish'd in us before we can come to any such thing as Religion. For as the Apostle tells us, *He that cometh to God must believe that he is.* You cannot therefore better employ your time than in reading such Treatises as serve to make out this weighty Truth. Such are the present Arch-Bishop's Sermon concerning *Atheism*, Dr. Barrow's Sermons on the first Article of the *Creed*, and

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

and *Grotius de Veritate Christianae Religionis*; any one of which Three will sufficiently satisfie any unprejudic'd Man who has not made his reason a Slave to his passions.

After having named these great Men, I know not how to advise you to read the following Poem of my own. I can only recommend it to your Reading when you are more inclin'd to read Verse than Prose. And I begg of you, if you find any thing in it that you think well said, not to attribute it to me, but to those Great Men whom I nam'd but now, whose Works I have only transcrib'd to their Author's great disadvantage.

If this small piece shall contribute any thing towards the confirming you in the belief of a God-head, I shall think my time well spent in writing it. If not, I shall however have this to comfort me, that I wrote it with a sincere design to do you good, and to perform the Office that I owe to you of

A most Faithful Friend  
and Obliged Humble  
Servant.

T H E

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# THE P R E F A C E.

WHEN I <sup>wrote</sup> ~~wrote~~ this Poem I design'd to have put all the Articles of our Christian Faith into Verse, that so I might entice those Men to look upon a Book of Poetry, who have not fixedness and solidity enough to consider the many Excellent Treatises on this Subject in Prose. And therefore I did intend to make use of common and obvious Arguments, thereby to make each Article as clear and plain as possibly I could.

But considering with my self that this would be a work of time, and would require great Learning and Industry, I began to despair of ever compassing it, and therefore resolved to let this Poem come out into the World by it self, and try its fortune.

I think I need not make any Apology for printing a Discourse on this Subject. For if ever any thing of this Nature was necessary, it is certainly so now, When Men are arriv'd to that pitch of Impudence and Prophaneness, that they think it a piece of Wit to deny the Being of a God, and to laugh at that which they cannot argue against : Or at least, when Men live at such a **Licentious** rate, that we may easily see they are like

## The Preface.

like the Psalmist's Fool, and say in their hearts,  
There is no God.

I am therefore well satisfy'd that I made choice of a very good Subject, I only wish the Poem may be found worthy of it, and strong enough to defend so Important a Truth.

Many Reasons I have for the publishing of it, which I think it may not be improper here to mention.

The first is this, that there are many Copies of it gone abroad which are in danger of being sent to the Press uncorrected.

The second is, because I know nothing of this Nature extant in our English Tongue, I mean no particular Poem purposely wrote on this Subject.

My last and main Reason is, because some judicious Men have thought it not altogether unfit to do some good in the World.

If it be well accepted of, and has its design'd effect, I may perhaps be encouraged to publish something else of the same Nature. In the mean while, till I see what Fortune it has,

Adieu.

A N

A N

## *Anatomy of Atheism.*

**S**INCE some with bare-fac'd Impudence deny  
 The Self-Existence of a Deity  
 Who is and was from all Eternity ; } *Three  
 sorts of  
 Atheists*

Others more civilly a God dispute,  
 'Till by disputing they themselves confute ;  
 A Third sort own they do a God believe,  
 But at such random Rates and Methods live,  
 That by their Practice they a God defye,  
 And by their Actions give their Tongues the lye :  
 Since these, I say, so numerous are grown  
 And fill the Court, the Country, and the Town,  
 My pious Muse inspir'd with Holy Rage  
 These dreadful Monsters singly shall engage,  
 And, as of old the little Son of Jesse  
 A mighty Gyant did in fight suppress,  
 Strengthen'd by God whose Armour then he wore,  
 And whose just cause upon his Sword he bore,

So, by the help of that Divinity  
 Whom I assert, they foolishly deny,  
 Their Errors I so fully shall refute  
 That I shall leave them answerless and mute.

*The first sort confuted.* And, first, for him that rashly does disown  
 The being of the bless'd Eternal one,  
*The frame of the world proof of a God.* Let him but tell me whence the World began,  
 Who made that Lovely, Lordly Creature Man,  
 Let him around him gently cast his Eyes,  
 And guess who made the Earth, the Seas, and Skies.

*The world not made by chance.* If he be one of that misguided Tribe  
 Which to blind chance does all these works ascribe,  
 Let him the beauties of this Globe survey,  
 The just vicissitudes of Night and Day,  
 The constant motions of the Moon and Sun  
 Which in just order do their Races run,  
 Let him consider his own wondrous make  
 And, for a time, himself to pieces take,  
 Then see how ev'ry Fibre, Vein and Nerve  
 Does to its proper ends and uses serve,  
 How all we eat, and drink, and take for food  
 Dissolves to Chyle and mingles with the blood.

If all this Lesson still shall prove in vain,  
 And he his first dull Maxim will maintain,  
 That

That *Atoms* moving in a heedless dance  
 Leap't into this Harmonious form by chance,  
 Then let him say a beauteous Edifice  
 From Bricks and Stones will of it self arise,  
 That Letters in a bag together shook }  
 Will make an Uniform, Ingenious Book, (Clock. }  
 Or that bare Brass and Steel will jump into a }

The Works of Chance are of another kind,  
 And like their Cause irregular and blind,  
 Without intention and without design,  
 And far from being beautiful or fine.  
 Since then the Workmanship we plainly see,  
 We must infer there must a Workman be,  
 Thus by the Art the Artist we descry,  
 And by the Creature find the Deity.  
 And since the World at first was made too fair,  
 Too Curious, Excellent and Regular  
 To be the Work of blind Contingency,  
 To what new Covert must the Atheist fly?

The World's Eternity he next must take  
 For his last Refuge and his surest Stake,  
 And by denying that the World was made,  
 Or that by Art it was in Order laid,

*The  
World  
not E-  
ternal.*

He thinks to ward off the necessity  
 Of introducing here a Deity,  
 Whose boundless pow'r and all-contriving thought  
 This lovely Fabrick to perfection brought.

But here, instead of wiping off the Score,  
 He's plung'd in deeper than he was before ;  
 For, far from owning its Eternity,  
 We'll show the World in its first infancy,  
 And as through various turns and windings led  
 We trace the River to the Fountain-head,  
 So going backwards still from Man to Man,  
 We'll find a time when we at first began.

*Vide Bish. p. 58, 59.* Most People own it not Six Thousand year  
 Since first this beauteous Fabrick did appear ;  
*on the Creed, page 58, 59.* *Ægyptian* Priests held a much longer Date,  
 And reckon'd at a very diff'rent Rate,  
 But they, alas ! were full of Forgeries,  
 And fam'd for nought but Impudence and Lies ;  
*Vide the same place.* *Chaldeans* too made their unjust account  
 Beyond the number of our Cent'ries mount,  
 But told such gross Improbabilities,  
 That wisest Men them and their Cheats despise.  
*Moses* alone the Sacred Truth did tell,  
 And the World's age with faithfulness reveal,  
 Believ'd

Believ'd by all but such as want of Sense,  
 Or obstinate and hard'ned Impudence  
 Has blinded with so thick a mist of Night,  
 That they shall never more behold the light.  
 On his account, however I rely,  
 As an Exact, Impartial History,  
 Because Tradition does its Faith assure,  
 And with one common voice proclaims it pure.  
 Here may each Man as in a Mirrour, see  
 His first Extraction, and his Pedigree,  
 And find his wish'd for Genealogy.  
 Thus then we come to our Original,  
 And to the God and Father of us all.

}

But, since the Atheist does this Book disown,  
 He must have other proof, or he has none.  
 And though our reason makes it clear and plain  
 This Book does nothing but the Truth contain,  
 Wrote by a Man, whose just Integrity  
 Forbids us to suspect he'd write a lye,  
 Or tell those things, with Confidence, as true  
 Which he perhaps might fancy, never knew,  
 Yet against *Moses* he will still exclaim  
 And call his Story a Phantaſtick Dream.

If

If then there was a World, as some contend,  
 Which never did begin, and ne're will end,  
 Let them the Records of this World unfold,  
 In which its mighty actions are enroll'd,  
 And show, before the time of our Creation,  
 One Kingdom, Empire, Common-wealth or Nation  
 One Language, Science, Art or Mystery,  
 Whose first Original we can't descry.

But here the Atheist leaves us at a stand,  
 And bids us seek for an unheard of Land,  
 Without a Guide to tell the certain way,  
 And keep false lights from leading us astray.  
 Doubtless, saith he, there were in times of yore  
 Of Histories and Records plenteous store,  
 But these to Earthquakes, Floods, and Deluges  
 More frequent Fires, and sad Contingencies,  
 Became a dire inevitable prey,  
 And with their Authors they were snatcht away.

Was there then ever such a Fire or Flood,  
 So swift and fierce as not to be withstood ?  
 So gen'ral, and so full of Cruelty,  
 As to leave none to write its History,  
 If so, the World was to begin again,  
 And that's the same as it had never been ;

## [ 7 ]

If not, 'tis strange Tradition should not tell  
 Those Wonders which our Ancestors befell.  
 They who surviv'd these sad Catastrophe's  
 Told them, no doubt, to their Posterities,  
 And thus the History at first begun  
 Must through the Line of long Succession run.  
 Supposing then what Story did relate  
 In careful Writing, subject was to fate,  
 Oral Tradition could not wholly fail,  
 Unless it had been stopt by Miracle,  
 Some glim'rings sure we of this World should see  
 Thro' the dark Vale of long Antiquity,  
 Some tidings of that World we needs must have  
 Which fell almost at once into its Grave,  
 At least some Rite or Custom would remain  
 To prove that Men have before *Adam* been,  
 Since all these things are wanting, let's conclude  
 That *Adam* is our Sire, and we his brood.  
 And on his Person we with ease shall see  
 The plain Impressions of a Deity.

Besides, as wise *Lucretius* well observes,  
 The Atheist to his own Conviction serves,  
 For all his Earthquakes, Floods, and Deluges  
 Prove only that the World corruptive is,

*Vide*  
 15. De  
 rerum  
 natura.

And

And since it is decay'd, and wafts so fast,  
 This plainly shows it has not long to last.  
 Immortal things Immortal Beauty hold,  
 Unchang'd, and sure of never growing old,  
 Whereas the World does almost ev'ry day  
 Give us fresh Instances of its decay,  
 Unhappy *Naples* more than half o'rethrown  
 This dismal Truth unwillingly must own.  
 And *Etna*'s flames show by their constant rage  
 The World is come into her latest Age.  
 Nothing from ruin can her Fabrick save, (Grave.  
 But nodding now she bends tow'rds her Eternal  
 Thus does the World most evidently prove  
 The Being of that God who sits above.  
 For since from various reasons we infer  
 The World's Nativity as plain and clear,  
 By reason cast the Atheists quit the Field,  
 And that the World is not Eternal yield.  
 If not Eternal, then it once was made,  
 If made, it certainly a Maker had.  
 Now all Men this must for an axiom take  
 That nothing can it self produce or make,  
 For that this contradiction would imply  
 At the same time to be and not to be.

Some

Some outward cause we therefore must explore,  
 Either of Chance, or an Eternal Pow'r.  
 The World's too well proportion'd and design'd  
 To be the Work of Chance, ill-shap'd, and blind.  
 God for her Maker she alone will own,  
 And throws her self at his Almighty Throne.

Nor does the World and its harmonious frame  
 The Being of a God alone proclaim,  
 But *Moses* by his wonder-working Rod  
 Gives us another proof there is a God,  
 And each effect surpassing Nature's Laws  
 Bids us look out for a superiour Cause ;  
 In vain Philosophers their Wisdom try,  
 And stretch poor Nature to Extremity,  
 To make her solve each wond'rous Mystery ; }  
 To Nature's Master they must often go  
 If of Effects they would the Causes know.

*Mira-  
cles a-  
nother  
proof of  
a God.*

How strangely must the Atheist look to see  
 The fire renounce its burning quality ?  
 And things which nat'rally increase its rage  
 Calm its fierce scorchings and its heat asswage.  
 Yet thus its Nature did the fire forego,  
 For *Shadrach*, *Mefbach*, and *Abednego*,

*See Dan  
chap. 3.*

In vain the Tyrant did their Ruin threat,  
 And sev'n times o're his stubborn Furnace heat,  
 Safe in the midst o'th' flames the Brethren stood,  
 And cool as Summ'r Breezes from the Wood.

*See* What pow'r of Nature can transform a flood  
*Exod.* Of Crystal Waters into Scarlet Blood?  
*chap. 7.*

*See* Or make the Sea without its Motion stand  
*Exod.* And in a moment turn to Solid Land?  
*ch. 14.*

Yet thus in Ancient Days did *Moses* show  
 The pow'r of God above by Miracles below.

What strength of Art can quicken and restore  
 A Man when dead to what he was before?

Infuse new Life into his frozen Veins,  
 And a new Soul to his forsaken Brains?

Yet this did our all-pow'rful Master do,  
 Who rais'd from Death himself and others too.

Can Nature say, awake ye Dead, arise,  
 Shake off your Sleep, lift up your drowsie Eyes?

I will again once more your Corps inspire,  
 Kindle your Breath with my enliv'ning fire,

And give your Soul back to its Ancient Friend,  
 Your Soul, which when I please I take or lend;

No, she with Modesty withdraws her head,  
 And Challenges no pow'r to raise the dead;

But

But owns she has a Lord whose awful Sway  
 She must not, cannot, dares not disobey,

When he commands she leaves her wonted way.

He makes the Water, Earth, and Air, and Fire,  
 When he sees fit, against themselves conspire.

Makes Lyons, though by Nature fierce and wild, *see*  
 Fearful and gentle as a new-born Child, *Dan.*  
*ch. 6.*

He makes the tender Lambs securely sleep,  
 Whilst hungry Tygers do the Sheep-folds keep.

Let him but speak, and Nature stops her course,  
 Abates her pace, and slackens all her force.

At his command the Sun and Moon stand still,  
 And give his Servants light their Foes to kill.

A word from him makes the Clouds cease to rain,  
 Another Word makes them distil again.

Tho' Nature saith our Noons are always bright  
 Yet let him speak, and there shall be no light,

But Day it self shall be transform'd to Night.

Thus does each Miracle in Letters plain  
 And at a mighty distance to be seen,  
 Show the great name of Nature's Sacred Lord  
 By us with Love and Reverence ador'd.  
 To him the Atheist must his Tribute give,  
 From whom alone he borrows leave to live.

His being sure he can no more deny  
 Of which so many Wonders testifie.  
 The Miracles stand fix'd in History,  
 Stamp'd by Traditional Authority,  
 To which no Man of sense will give the lie. }  
 The Credit of the World is much too strong  
 To be beat down by any single Tongue.  
 The facts he therefore cannot well disown,  
 Unless he has resolv'd to Credit none  
 But what he sees, to believe nothing told,  
 Or think no Truth but what his Eyes behold.  
 If not the Facts, we take our strength from thence  
 And thus we argue for our Consequence.  
 If Works are done which Nature's pow'r exceed,  
 We in some higher pow'r these wond'rous works  
 (must read.

*Gifts of Prophecy and a Proof of God's Power* The Gifts of Prophecy as plainly show  
 There must be one to whom those Gifts we owe.  
 Man's knowledge is too shallow to foresee  
 What shall to Morrow or the next day be,  
 Much more to tell a Thousand years events  
 Which all depend on future accidents,  
 And lay those things before us, bright and clear,  
 And just as if they were already here,

Which

Which shall not come to pass, till distant Age  
 Shifts Scenes, and brings new prospects on the Stage.

Yet thus of old did *Abraham* foretel See Gen  
 That his poor Off-spring should in *Egypt* dwell, <sup>15. 13.</sup>  
 And for the space of many a tedious year  
 The toilsome Yoak of cruel *Pharaoh* bear.  
 Exactly did the sad Event agree  
 With what had been foretold in Prophecy.  
 Thus was *Josiah*'s Birth and Reign of old, 1 Kings  
13. 2.  
 Some hundred years before they came foretold.  
 And thus *Isaiah* told, as he foresaw, Isaiah  
44. 45.  
 That *Cyrus* to the *Perians* should give Law,  
 That by his Mighty Arm the *Jews* should rise,  
 And, tho' then Slaves, subdue their Enemies.  
 And, that the matter might be free from doubt  
 By Name he mark'd this Glorious Monarch out.  
 Thus all the Prophets did præsignifie  
 The Blessed *Jesus* his Nativity,  
 And laid each Circumstance so nicely down,  
 That by the Character the God was known.  
 If all these Prophecies are not fulfill'd  
 We are content with shame to quit the Field,  
 But if they are, as justly we believe,  
 The Atheist must be damn'd beyond reprieve,  
For

For they who shut their Eyes, and will not see  
 The pow'r of an all-knowing Deity  
 Who looks with ease into futurity,  
 No Mercy must expect, or Pity pray  
 When the Great God shall keep his Judgment-day.  
 Man they confess is of too short a sight  
 To see things future, sown in depth of Night,  
 Some nobler pow'r they then of course must grant  
 Which does no measure of fore-knowledge want.  
 This pow'r is God ; whom rashly they deny,  
 They know not upon what account, or why.

But some perhaps will call for Instances  
 Out of Prophane and Common Histories ;  
 Tho' without reason they this favour ask,  
 Yet I most willingly accept the Task.  
 And here the Ancient Oracles afford  
 A Thousand Prophecies which word for word  
 Exactly were accomplish'd and reveal'd  
 So clearly that they must not be conceal'd.  
 Some were indeed told in a doubtful way,  
 But others clear as Sun-shine at Mid-Day,  
 Such was that Prophecy which did declare  
 That *Cyrus* should the *Lydians* beat in War,

*Vide*  
*Herod*  
*I. 1.*

Such

Such that which told it should the Fortune be

Of *Xerxes's* Navy to be beat at Sea,

When all things promis'd the quite contrary.

*Vide  
Herod  
l. 7.*

Before the Bar then let the Atheist kneel,

And take Conviction from his own appeal.

No more Evasions can he hope to find,

But he must see, or must confess he's blind.

For, as when Light won't enter through the Eyes,

We strait conclude the Organs are amiss,

So, if our Atheist still will persevere,

And neither Truth nor solid Reason hear,

We must conclude his Soul so full of sin,

That she can't let her proper object in.

Once more I'll try if like a sensless Rock

Fixt, and unmov'd he'll stand another shock,

I'll ply him but with one more Argument,

From Universal Judgment and Consent,

And if this fails to work upon his Soul,

It is because his Faculties are foul.

*Univer-  
sal con-  
sent our  
last  
proof of  
a God.*

Let us survey the Universe around,

And search each Nook where Men are to be found,

No Nation shall we meet in all our Tour

That does not some Divinity adore.

Of this Divinity, which all believe,

Too few there are that do aright conceive. Yet

Yet with one voice they all agree in this,  
God *is*, altho' they know not what he *is*.

Some attribute a God-head to the Sun,  
Others with equal Honours crown the Moon,  
Some to a Monkey with Devotion bow,  
Others religiously adore a Cow,  
And by their misplac'd Zeal show they agree  
I'th' gen'ral Notion of a Deity.

Great part oth' World believes more Gods than one  
But no part ever yet profess'd that there were none.

See then our Atheists all the World oppose,  
And, like *Dravcanfir*, make all Men his Foes.  
See with what Sawcy Pride he does pretend  
His wiser Fathers Notions to amend,  
Huffs *Plutarch*, *Plato*, *Pliny*, *Seneca*,  
And bids ev'n *Cicero* himself give way,  
Tells all the World they follow a false light,  
And he alone of all Mankind is right.  
Thus, like a Madman who when all alone  
Thinks himself King, and ev'ry Chair a Throne,  
Drunk with Conceit and foolish Impudence  
He prides himself in his abounding Sense.

But soon this Pride would to the Ground be  
If he'd allow himself a moment's thought. (brought

For

For let him but consider well within  
 From whence this gen'ral Notion did begin,  
 Who was its Author, from what hint it came,  
 And our conceited Bully will grow tame.

This Notion then was either first embrac'd  
 Because by Nature on our hearts impress'd,  
 Or else because a Nat'ral Tendency  
 Perswades us to believe a Deity,  
 So that whenever any Man we hear  
 The Being of an all-wise God aver,  
 This Truth with as much eagerness we own,  
 As soon as first discover'd and made known,  
 As do the Eyes, whose Organs are aright,  
 Suck in the beams of the clear shining light.  
 Or, Thirdly, we from Reason's Sacred Law  
 This inference most evidently draw,  
 And, with St. *Paul*, from things Created prove  
 The Being of that God who sits above.  
 Or, lastly, this was from Tradition brought,  
 And by our Fathers to their Children taught.

If, in our search, we shall by Nature find  
 This Principle ingrafted on the mind,  
 Its truth of Consequence we must allow,  
 For Nature's Principles are always true,

Her steady light can never go astray,  
But leads us to one right and constant way.

Or if the Soul is by its Nature bent,  
At the first sight, to give its free assent  
To this assertion, that a God must be  
And has been always from Eternity,  
The self same evidence will still remain  
To make the matter beyond Question plain.  
Man's Soul is fram'd by Nat'ral Appetite,  
In Truth and Reason's Dictates to delight.  
If then our Souls, unprejudic'd and free,  
Do of themselves to this great Truth agree,  
With reason argue and confess we must  
Their Judgment's equal, and their Verdict's just.

But if our Reason does this Truth evince,  
The Atheist never more must make pretence  
Ev'n to the lowest pitch of common sense.  
Mens Company he must of course forsake,  
And senseless Brutes for his dear Comrades take.

If from Tradition we this Truth receiv'd,  
Which all our wisest Ancestors believ'd,  
Into the same Dispute again we fall  
About its rise and first Original.

How came it first to him who did begin  
 To broach it to the World, and let it in ?  
 Nothing but an all-pow'rful, ruling hand,  
 Mens Hearts and Mouths can equally command.  
 To *Adam* first God did himself unfold,  
 He to his Children all his knowledge told.  
 Thus Faith by Reason strength'ned does obtain,  
 And through the World without resistance reign.

See then a Cloud of Witnesses appear !

For the whole World bears Testimony here.  
 See how all Nations in full Confort crowd  
 And with one voice cry out *A God* aloud.  
 Before these let the Atheist show his head,  
 And hear his dismal Accusation read,  
 His fatal Crime is of the deepest dye,  
 'Tis Treason 'gainst the highest Majesty.  
 His Lord and Maker he denies to own,  
 And rudely kicks against his Sovereign's Throne,  
 Through all the bonds of right and nature breaks,  
 Nay, his own reason and himself forsakes.  
 Puff'd up with Pride and sawcy Impudence,  
 He denies things most evident to Sense.  
 And, as old *Zeno* Motion did dispute,  
 And by his walking did himself confute,

So he, although he ev'ry where descries  
Things made, a Maker foolishly denies.

The Accusation read, the Tryal's done,  
His Guilt's as plain as is the Noon-day Sun.  
There's not one Man in Court but's heard to cry  
The Treason's clear, oh let the Traytor dye!

To Sentence then we justly may proceed,  
And make the obstinate Rebellious bleed.

In Lakes of Brimstone must our Atheist dwell,  
Plung'd to the bottom of the hottest Hell,  
Where no Day enters, where no Sun appears,  
And the sad place with its bright presence chears,  
There he to all Eternity must lye  
In pangs of Death, but yet must never die,  
Doom'd by that Pow'r, whom he too late will know  
To never-ceasing Pains and everlasting woe.

*The second sort of Atheists confuted.* Nor will their guilt or punishment be less,  
Who Scepticks in the case themselves profess,  
Who think the Case some scruples may admit,  
And so suspend their Faith and Thoughts of it.  
We have no medium left for doubting fools,  
No Castles in the Air for faithless Souls.  
Wing'd with belief of a Divinity  
Our happy Souls shall to his Mansion fly:

But

But Disbelief, and Scepticism is so,  
Will Soul and Body into Ruine throw.

Besides in doubtful cases we deride  
That Man who will not chuse the surest side,  
Prudence commands us with a cautious care  
Against the worst can happen to prepare ;  
And names those Men alone discreet and wise,  
Who chuse their Road where certain safety lyes.

For once then, let the case for doubtful go,  
Whether there be a Deity or no,  
Till after Death the point must needs remain  
Unsolv'd, and Death alone can make it plain.

A wise Man therefore would believe it here,  
That after Death he may no Danger fear.  
Our Faith is purchast at no mighty cost,  
And we shall sleep securely if 'tis lost.  
But if the sad event shall prove a God,  
Then will the Disbeliever feel his rod.

Why then will Men their wisdom thus betray,  
And by their folly cast themselves away ?  
In things of lesser moment and concern  
They can with ease the safest way discern,  
But when th' Immortal Soul is made the Stake,  
With what contentedness the Fools mistake?

If we on Roads of War and Danger go,  
 And are not sure but we may meet our Foe,  
 Wisely we arm against the worst event,  
 Least made his Slaves we should too late repent ;  
 This differs from our case in Terms and Name,  
 But in reality is just the same.  
 Belief of God our Souls securely arms,  
 And makes them proof against all future harms.  
 But if unarm'd we venture to appear,  
 And find a God, 'twill cost us very dear.  
 Darkness and Horror, Pain and Misery  
 Will be our doom to all Eternity.  
 Belief like Weapons we about us bear,  
 To guard our selves from danger and from fear.  
 Thus arm'd, we hope to find a God at last,  
 After a life in peace and quiet past ;  
 If we succeed, as there's no doubt we shall,  
 We save our Ruine and Eternal fall,  
 If not, the worst event that we can have  
 Is to lye senseless in the silent Grave.

*The  
Third  
sort of  
Atheists  
confu-  
ted.* For the third sort, who by their lives dethrone  
 That God, whom they for fashions sake will own,  
 These do more mischief in the World than those  
 Who do with open force a God oppose.

'Tis

'Tis much the better, and the wiser way  
 To disallow a God, than disobey,  
 Better to own no Lord, than this our Lord betray.  
 Some Men, with fatal prejudices blind,  
 Seek for a Deity they cannot find ;  
 And this is some, though but a bad excuse,  
 And no way fit for Men of sense to use.  
 But they, who in their sinful courses live,  
 And yet protest they do a God believe,  
 Speak contradictions, and must either think  
 That God will at their sin and lewdness wink,

[amiss

(Which plainly shows their thoughts are much  
 And that they had as good not own God is)  
 Or else they only play the Hypocrite,  
 And only say they do believe aright,  
 But in their hearts they sawcily defye  
 The Pow'r and Justice of a Deity.

Of all the three, then, our last Spark is worst,  
 And consequently will be most accurst,  
 For him the flames of Hell, if it can be,  
 Shall still be rais'd to a more quick degree,  
 As a reward for his Hypocrisie.

Thus

Thus have the Atheists been distinctly try'd,  
 The first for rashness, Impudence and Pride,  
 For his abuse of Nature's Sacred Laws,  
 And holding off when Reason prov'd the Cause,  
 The second for his want of Wit to chuse  
 The safest way, the dangerous refuse.  
 The Third, for his prophane Hypocrisie,  
 And boldly telling a Religious lye.  
 The Tryal done, I have no more to say,  
 Their next Appeal is on the Judgment-Day,  
 When to their shame God will his pow'r exert,  
 And in their ruine will himself assert.

*Glory be to God.*

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*F I N I S.*

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